Cellmates

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Cellmates

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Nigel ends up sharing an overnight cell with probably the most anxious person he's ever met, he wants to do what he can to help the man relax.

Nigel had to admit, this was one of the nicer cells he'd found himself in. Certainly nicer than the one back in Bucharest that practically had his name on it.

This was the first time he'd been in trouble with the law since moving to the US and really, it was barely a misdemeanour, but even so he didn't have his ID on him so they had taken him in to run him through the system.

But now the shifts had changed and it was getting close to midnight, so he knew there was no chance he'd be out before morning. Might as well get comfortable.

One wall housed the door, with a very high and small window on the opposite wall. The three walls without the door each had a low bench with a thin mattress, folded blanket and foam cushion that passed as a pillow. Practically the fucking Ritz.

Nigel took the bench on the left wall, spread out the blanket and lay down, figuring he was set for the night and wondering if it would have been cheaper and nicer to just get himself sentenced to a prison term than what he was paying for the shithole he was renting.

He was just starting to nod off when the door opened again and there was commotion. Raised voices, falling just short of arguing.

"You can have your phone call in the morning, sir." A voice said firmly, clearly not the first time they'd had to explain.

"I should be home by now, I'm usually in-"

"Sir, I won't ask you again, you need to cooperate."

"But I've not done anything wrong," the man sounded pitiful, reminding Nigel of some of the young guys he'd worked with in the past. The ones that thought they could cut it as some sort of mafioso, only to realise they were way in over their heads and wanted to back out real fast. Sometimes easier said than done.

There were a few low murmured words and finally someone reiterated, "you have to cooperate."

A young man, arm held tight by an officer, was walked into the cell and over to the bench opposite Nigel, who watched the happenings with one eye open.

The officer turned and left the cell, leaving the young man standing in front of the bench.

Nigel studied him for a long minute, and finally the young man sat down on the bench, tense and rigid. Nigel wasn't even sure he'd been noticed until he sat up and swung his legs around so that he was sitting directly opposite the young man.

"What are you in for?" Nigel asked, cocking a brow, curious.

“I was watching the children,” the man replied, more to himself than Nigel or so it felt as he looked off into the middle distance.

“They arrested you for watching children?” Nigel narrowed his eyes and looked the guy up and down, hoping that didn’t sound as fucked up as it might be.

The young man shook his head and rubbed his hands up and down his thighs. “I was fired, from my job. They said I wasn’t cost effective and I saw the children. At the school near my apartment. I just wanted to watch them, they all seemed so happy and played and I just…” He rubbed his thighs harder to the point where he was almost rocking, and Nigel was immediately put in mind of Darko’s nephew. Strange little kid, though as much of a sweetheart as that family could produce. He had something wrong with him and would rock, or tap on things.

“Okay, calm down,” Nigel held up his hands and tried to make a calming gesture. “You don’t need to tell me.”

“I don’t really know what happened,” the man continued, meeting Nigel’s eyes then looking quickly away. “I saw the children playing and I felt so sad, I just wished I could be like those children. The main gate was open so I walked in and was watching them in the playground.”

Nigel let out a low breath, “and they called the cops on you?”

“Yes,” he nodded, his face pale. Nigel was sure this guy had never before had any sort of run in with the law.

“They brought me here for questioning. I tried to call my friend but he didn’t answer his phone, he’s probably in bed now. They said I have to wait until morning to call him again.”

“But they’re letting you go,” Nigel checked.

“They pushed me against the fence and took my ID and they said I had no priors, but wanted to talk to me. I’ve been here for hours answering questions, they said they can never be too careful.”

Nigel nodded, “they’re just trying to scare you. Don’t worry about it. In the morning you can call your friend and they’ll let you go. Just keep your nose clean and they probably won’t bother you again.”

“My nose?”

“Yeah, keep it clean. Don’t get into any more trouble.”

The young man nodded his understanding before adding wistfully, “I’m not really sure why I’m in trouble now.”

Damn, this was some sheltered kid.

“Look, um… What’s your name?” Nigel asked.

“Adam, Adam Raki.”

“Okay, look, Adam. You just can’t go and hang around at school gates. People will think you have an unhealthy interest in the children.”

Adam frowned and slowly a look of realisation dawned and he looked a little ill.

“Oh, no… I didn’t. I just… I’d been fired. They looked so happy.”

Nigel nodded, “yeah I get it. But maybe next time just watch some funny animal videos on youtube or something.”

“Next time I get fired.”

“Well, hopefully not, Adam.”

At that Adam gave a little smile for a few moments and Nigel couldn’t help but grin back.

“I’m Nigel, by the way.” Nigel found himself offering.

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Nigel didn’t usually have much issue falling asleep anywhere. For sure it was usually easier if he’d had a few drinks, but being sober wasn’t the issue now.

The issue was the young man on the opposite bunk. He alternated between sitting, lying and now and then standing and pacing. He wrung his hands and muttered, and it all brought back memories to Nigel of his younger days. The first few times he’d been in a cell it had been for petty little things, things he later got beatings for. Because he shouldn’t have been caught for them. He’d found himself surrounded by older people, hardened criminals. People that would happily snap his neck if he pissed them off, so he’d stayed quiet.

But what Adam was doing now, was acting out every feeling Nigel had had in those moments, before he became hardened to it himself. He understood exactly what Adam must be feeling.

“Hey,” Nigel said as he sat up and swung his legs around, completely capturing Adam’s attention and causing him to still. “Are you okay?”

“I’m disturbing you,” Adam acknowledged, “I’m sorry.”

Nigel shook his head, “it’s okay. I know what it’s like to be in a place like this for the first time.”

“This isn’t your first time?” Adam asked, the distracting seeming to have settled him a little as he relaxed a little more, seated on his bunk.

“Nah, I’ve been in and out of places like this for years. Irony is, I turned over a new leaf and was going straight and still ended up in here. I’ll be out in the morning though, and so will

you. They just like to make us stew and clock off for the night. We'll be processed in the morning."

"Okay, thanks." Adam replied, letting out a sigh. "I appreciate you sharing your experiences. I feel a bit better now."

Nigel smiled, there really was something about this guy. So different from anyone he'd ever met, even outside the criminal world. And, there was no denying, he was fucking attractive. Nigel had to admit he was a little pissed they hadn't met under different circumstances.

Although he was seated and clearly calmer, Adam was still fidgeting, his fingers playing over the rough blanket on his bunk.

"Might as well get some sleep," Nigel urged.

"I don't think I can," Adam admitted. "I find it very difficult to sleep in new places. I like my own bed, and room. I can't even try to pretend this is the same, even the smell is so different."

His nose wrinkled in distaste, causing his brow to furrow. Nigel wanted to rub his thumb over it, sooth the creases away. He swallowed, trying to ignore the way his cock twitched beneath his own blanket.

"I have autism," Adam began to explain. "It can affect people in different ways, but for me I really need a set routine and I prefer familiar things - the same foods, clothes, bed. Otherwise I can become overloaded." He was looking down at his knees as he spoke but Nigel nodded all the same.

He didn't wholly get it, but he wasn't uncivilised enough not to have a vague idea what Adam was talking about. He definitely knew enough not to reply "like rainman", even though it was the first thought to mind. Instead he cleared his throat and wondered how he might be able to make it better for Adam.

If he could help Adam feel comfortable with the place then they'd hopefully both be able to get some sleep.

"Did you go to college? Just pretend we're roommates and this is your dorm."

Adam shook his head, "it isn't that easy. We're cellmates, not roommates. I can't pretend something that I know isn't really true. The smell, the feel of the blanket, the firmness of the bunk, I can't pretend away how uncomfortable that is for me."

"Oh," Nigel replied, at a loss of what else to suggest given that nugget of information, this kid just needed to relax. Finally he settled on, "What do you do to relax?"

It was a stupid question, he realised as soon as he said it. After all, if Adam replied that it was having a bath or drinking a glass of wine it wasn't like those were things Nigel could provide.

"Oh! Um…" Adam seemed a little startled by the question, or perhaps by the realisation of what his answer to the question was because then he started to blush deeply and replied

quietly, “I don’t think I can do that here…”

Nigel blinked. Shit, what was it that Adam usually did to relax?

The answer dawned on him as Adam’s cheeks darkened all the more and he shifted uncomfortably.

“You have sex to relax?” Nigel asked, keeping his tone light but not wanting to seem amused. Because he really wasn’t. If anything he was half way to mortified because if that was the case he wasn’t sure he could stop his cock becoming as hard as rock and then he was on his way to an even more uncomfortable night.

Adam swallowed, glanced up at Nigel for a split second and then back down to his hands that were now sitting in his lap.

“Um, not sex… not really. If I’m stressed or can’t sleep I find that, um, masturbating relaxes me enough to help me fall asleep.”

“Oh,” Nigel replied, his tone completely flat. “Well, um… You can just do that, if you want. I don’t mind. If it helps you, you can do it.”

Nigel felt his own fucking cheeks burning a little, which was a novel fucking experience. He cleared his throat and looked up to see that Adam was watching him, or just sort of over him.

“Shit, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable-” Nigel said but Adam shook his head even as he looked away.

“You didn’t, I’m… I usually make people uncomfortable. Harlan, my friend, says I can be too open when discussing things like this. I’m not great with social cues.” Adam smiled softly and Nigel was totally fucking gone and totally fucking hard.

“Adam, do you like men? I mean, are you gay?” Nigel asked, getting the very strong sense that direct was the best way to be with Adam.

Adam frowned, “I don’t think so.”

Nigel deflated - all but his stupid cock. But then Adam continued.

“I like women and I like men. I think. I’ve not had much experience with either, but I do like straight and gay porn. And, um, threesomes sometimes.”

Nigel coughed, nearly fucking choking on his own tongue at the brazen words as Adam sat there still looking innocent and sweet.

“I like men,” Nigel admitted, in part to try and reassure Adam that he really didn’t mind if he jerked off, but also because - fuck - he had to say it. He had to give Adam that information. “So, I, um, really don’t mind if you jerk off.”

There was silence for a long moment and Nigel was sure he’d totally fucked up and made the situation so much worse, but then Adam cleared his throat and shifted on the bunk. In the

silence of the cell Nigel heard the rustle of the blanket over Adam's lap and then the zip of his trousers.

Nigel looked up. Adam's eyes were closed as his hand moved under the blanket. He let out the softest fucking sigh as he began to stroke, relaxing back on the bunk and letting out little puffs of breath.

Nigel watched, completely entranced and struggling to ignore his own hardness.

"Adam?"

"Umhmm?" Adam didn't stop, didn't open his eyes.

"You're so fucking beautiful, stroking yourself like that."

Adam gasped at the words and opened his eyes, that vague focus on Nigel again. An expression that Nigel was sure was disbelief, maybe hesitancy.

"I do?"

"You really fucking do." Nigel affirmed. "Adam, do you… do you mind if I touch myself? If I watch you?"

Adam blinked a few times, let out a very heavy breath and then shook his head, his cheeks pinking once more.

"Can I… Can I watch you?" Adam asked in return.

"Fuck, yes." Nigel practically growled. He pulled his blanket down, unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock. It was so fucking hard, flushed dark and leaking at the tip.

Adam let out a soft and reverent "oh" before he followed suit, pulling his blanket down enough to reveal his own cock.

It was long, though not as thick as Nigel's. Adam's hand fit around it perfectly as he stroked slowly up to the head and back, precome beading at the tip with each upward tug.

Nigel began to do the same, aware of Adam's eyes intensely on his cock. He stroked down, pulling back his foreskin with a soft moan. They watched each other for long minutes as they both stroked and panted, an occasional quiet moan escaping and filling the air between them.

"You have a foreskin," Adam acknowledged, barely able to get the words out. "I like it. I've never seen one in person."

"Keep talking like that and you'll make me come," Nigel warned as he continued to stroke, not immediately noticing that Adam had stopped.

"Adam? Are you alright?" Nigel asked, slowing his own hand, but not stopping as he realised it still held Adam's attention.

“Can I touch it?” Adam asked, his cheeks on fire as he then shook his head, “I mean, only if that’s okay. Only if you want-”

“Fuck, yes.” Nigel replied, immediately rising to his feet. He strode the couple of paces across the cell and stood in front of Adam’s bunk, watching as Adam continued to slowly stroke himself with one hand and moved the other to Nigel’s cock, circling it and easing back the foreskin.

“Fuck, gorgeous. You’re going to kill me.” Nigel groaned.

Adam’s hand stilled for a moment. “A figure of speech,” he said.

“Yeah,” Nigel agreed, feeling like he was gleaning an increasing understanding of how Adam’s brain worked. Be direct, say what you mean. “You’re going to make me come, Adam. Do you want that?”

Adam sucked in a shuddering breath and nodded, his eyes still focused on Nigel’s cock.

“Do you want me to make you come too? Want me to touch you?”

Adam hesitated for a moment, but then nodded again and gently removed his hand from his own cock. With Adam’s hand still on his cock, Nigel moved forward until he sat on the bunk, side by side with Adam. Once he’d settled back against the wall he reached over into Adam’s lap and began to jerk him off. He was slow at first, increasing his speed, and the pressure, as he went.

He loved the little noises Adam made when he swiped his thumb over the crown, and the way it made his own cock throb in Adam’s hand.

“Want you to relax for me, gorgeous.” Nigel muttered, leaning in so that his words were spoken against Adam’s hair. In response Adam tensed for a moment and then melted against Nigel’s side, his head resting against Nigel’s shoulder.

“I want to kiss you,” Adam panted as they continued to work each other a little firmer, a little faster.

“Fuck, yes…” Nigel hissed as he turned his head, Adam mirrored the action and their mouths met. Hungry, claiming, their tongues meeting as Nigel groaned and Adam whined.

The kiss deepened as their strokes increased, both throbbing, both moaning quietly into each other’s mouths.

Until finally, Adam broke away.

“I’m going to-” His words ended in a grunt as he spilled, hot and wet over Nigel’s fist.

“Oh fuck, fuck yes.” Nigel groaned, releasing Adam and wrapping his messy hand around Adam’s and stoking himself harder and faster for the few moments it took for him to come too.

Adam's head immediately fell against his shoulder again as they both panted, and Nigel cleaned them up with the blanket before tossing it on the floor. For a moment he considered going back to his own bunk, or at least grabbing his blanket for them, but he was unable to move. Pinned by Adam's weight as his side as he began to snore softly.

Nigel chuckled quietly and tucked them both back into their respective pants before settling back against the wall, wriggling until he was able to wrap his arm around Adam and hold him as Nigel drifted off too.

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Nigel woke when the lights blared on. The low level but still annoying lights that were left on overnight were replaced by the harsh strip light along the ceiling of the cell. He could hear movement beyond and that, he knew, signalled the start of the day and his imminent release from police bullshittery.

The lights were all the brighter, Nigel realised, because he was now looking up at them. He must have moved in the night, they both had because he was on his back on the narrow bunk with Adam squished between himself and the wall, a leg hooked over Nigel's hip and his head on Nigel's chest.

He could feel the rise and fall of Adam's breathing, could feel the semi-hardness against his thigh that mirrored his own. If only they could do something about their morning wood.

As it was, he knew their time together was now done, and he stroked a hand down Adam's back as he tried to rouse him.

"Adam?"

Adam groaned and stretched and it took everything Nigel had not grab his dick, or Adam's dick, or both.

"Did you sleep okay?" Nigel asked as Adam blinked his eyes open and looked up at him. "Were you comfortable?"

Adam hummed and nodded as he buried his face against Nigel's chest for a moment as he continued to stretch and wake.

Nigel pulled Adam closer, burying his face in his curls until sounds drew them apart - the click and clacking of cell doors and the murmured words of officers and fellow temporary inmates.

Reluctantly, Nigel pulled himself away, letting go of Adam as he got up from the bunk. He picked up the soiled blanket and tossed it on his own unused bunk.

Adam watched him the whole time and then finally pulled back the blanket, did up his trousers and rose from the bed.

Nigel moved to the toilet in the corner and relieved himself, before zipping himself back up and looking back to Adam. They both looked rumpled and Adam looked flushed, but at least

the room didn't smell too much like sex, not if you weren't purposely sniffing it out.

"They'll come get one of us soon. Start processing us out. Just remember, they are being dicks. They put you in here for the night to avoid staying late to do paperwork and to fuck with you."

Adam nodded.

"Thank you, Nigel. I really appreciate how nice you've been to me."

They were standing closer now, not moving, until finally Adam closed the space between them and ran a hand over Nigel's stubbled cheek before drawing him down into a kiss. It was soft and quick, but then Adam came back for more, kissing him deeply until he broke away once more only moments before the cell door opened.

"Adam Raki," the officer at the door called.

"Yes," Adam replied, hesitating instead of stepping towards the door. He turned to Nigel, frowning slightly as he said. "I don't have anywhere to go today, I can wait. Outside. I can wait for you outside."

"Yeah, gorgeous." Nigel replied quietly, "do that. Please, do that."

Adam's smile lit up the cell as he nodded. He didn't even seem phased when the officer barked his name again.

Nigel watched Adam go and knew he'd be counting the moments until he saw Adam again. Until he kissed him again, touched him again. Until he slept next to him again like the very best of roommates.

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